



THE GIFT OF PROMISE.

BY MRS. E. H. DUNLOP.

When o'er the nameless regions of first earth
 Rolled the dread mandate of Almighty wrath!
 When the deep waters, with resistless force,
 Hurl'd wide destruction in their trackless course!
 When veiled in clouds, the great "I AM" withdrew,
 And mourn'd the vengeance justice claimed as due.
 Even then, did Mercy at His feet appear,
 Raising her radiant eyes, in hope and fear,
 Her voice, her trembling voice, refused a prayer,
 All save the tender accents "Father, spare!"
 That mild appeal the great Creator heard,
 And on the rescued earth new life appeared.
 'Twas Mercy's Olive! God's own gift of love;
 Alone transplanted there, from Eden's grove,
 It, when all else to ruin's gulph was hurled,
 Sprung up, the sole memorial of a world!
 Thus thine! my child! a bright and beauteous beam,
 Art left to lighten sorrow's whelming stream.
 Thou! sweetest gift of an Almighty power,
 Art left! the tree of promise in my bower.
 And oh! may His protecting aid be given,
 To rear on this bleak earth a plant of Heaven:
 Fair Mercy's Olive be it thine to wear—
 As mine the fond petition, "Father! spare!"

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

It has become a very common remark of late years, that the dearth of splendid and lasting works in the present day, arises in a great measure, from the fact of so much talent being employed upon the pages of reviews and magazines. And no one who takes up any of the leading periodicals can fail to observe, indications of genius, in many instances, of the highest order. The Edinburgh and the Quarterly reviews have been long conspicuous for ability; and among the magazines—Blackwood, Fraser, and the Dublin University, have ever occupied a very eminent position in the literature of Europe. We were led to make these observations from the perusal of a late number of the last mentioned periodical, one article in which, particularly struck us as possessing merit of a very high order. It is entitled "the Coiffeur of Sevres, a revolutionary sketch," and is intended to convey some idea of the celebrated 5th of October, 1789, when a mob of abandoned women and ruffians of the lowest order, compelled Louis the XVI. and his family to leave Versailles for Paris, in order, as one of the Grenadiers remarked, "to secure the good disposition of the King by placing him in the midst of us." This ever memorable day presented the first instance of personal restraint being placed upon the monarch, and from it the reign of anarchy may be dated. The writer in the magazine has given a very brilliant and life like account of this dark day's proceedings; and although he has engrafted a little fiction into his sketch, it is nevertheless, a truthful picture, rendered perhaps more life like by the very little fiction with which it is adorned. As a very powerful piece of writing, we feel no hesitation in recommending it to our readers, well assured, that it will richly requite the trouble of its perusal:—

THE COIFFEUR OF SEVRES—A REVOLUTIONARY SKETCH.

"Allons, M. Jacquard! are the curling-irons in the fire?"

In such words, and with a beaming smile, did a tall and graceful cavalier accost a little wizened man who stood, comb in hair and grin on mouth, at the door of his own shop, on the left-hand side of the way as you come from Paris, in the main street of the village of Sevres, on the morning of the 5th of October, 1789.

The face of the rider was turned towards Versailles: he had reined up his steed close to the door, as might be easily done in those days in a country which even now is but sparingly supplied with trottoirs; and as he spoke, the powerful animal, which stood full sixteen hands and a half high, raised his master's head with its lofty hat and plume, so completely above the level of the low shop and doorway, and its diminutive proprietor, that he appeared more in a position to hold converse with the pretty *grisette* who half drew back from the window above, under the glance of bright recognition shot from beneath that plumed hat, than to address the overshadowed M. Jacquard below.

As he spoke, with head bent low to make himself heard, the wind blowing fitfully in the direction of his course, agitated his plume and the mane of his horse with which it mingled, until they looked as if they, as well as every loose trapping, and even the ruffled hair of the steed starting up in ridges along it crest, would draw him with uneasy energy, onwards on his journey, and chafed at his delay. His attitude and ample plumes together, cast his own bronzed and glowing face into shadow, nearly as complete as that his figure threw over the ill-lighted assortment of wigs, wig-blocks, and waxen court-ladies within.

"A votre service, M. de Varicourt!" exclaimed the little coiffeur, bowing and grimacing under the united influence of his national vivacity, the excitement of the occasion, and the fussiness of his trade. "Jeannette!" he continued, in a frenzied whisper, drawing back, and thrusting his head through a little door into a dark passage. While he waited for an answer, it was thus he soliloquised: "That child is always at the window! It was but now I called her in, having detected M. des Huttes, as he rode by, pitching a *bon-bon* at her, which mistook the story, and nearly knocked me over, as I was powdering a peruke here with my head to the street; and there she is again, taking my customer's eyes from the genuine wax and wigs here, to her own silly flesh and blood and mere natural tresses above. "Jeannette!" he continued, aloud, "turn the *jalousies* up, I command thee, till thou canst see nothing but the sky and the church steeple—then close them, and bolt the window.—*Entrez, Monsieur!*" he cried, wheeling round with the celerity of a tee-totum, and closing the little door, as he heard the clash of the soldier's arms on the ground, announcing his having dismounted; "There is a staple on the post for my customer's *à cheval*, and I have had half a troop picquetted there before now—you amongst the number, M. de Varicourt, I believe! though I ever gave your *camarades* the '*Moniteur*,' to keep them alive till your head had its last buckle to your mind."

"*Depêche toi, mon enfant!*" cried the young horseman, casting himself down upon a seat, which twisted and cracked and writhed under his weight—"I issue an '*ordonnance de par le roi*,' that you exceed not a *petit quart d'heure* and a

franc, including pommade, irons, string, powder, gown, and gossip. My horse has his eye on his stable at Versailles, as you see, and his impatience will, by that time, be too much for your staple, I expect."

"Sit down—sit down, *M. le garde du corps!*" cried the friseur, bagging him, clothes, epaulettes, lace, sword, boots, spurs, and all, in a vast dressing-gown, prismatic with rainbow dyes, and patterned like some grotesque vase from the factory hard by. "Sit down! and I'll promise to stuff in all I've to do and say into the given time. Watch your horse, M. de Varicourt—if he bolts before the time, that's not according to agreement—if he is left longer by my delay, I forfeit the franc, and—worse again, the pleasure of again *coiffant M. le garde du corps.*"

"Agreed! If you pass the *quart d'heure*, remember you are never to curl a buckle for me as long as I live."

"And you will get few to secure me a franc, for *frisant* your worship's curls, after you are dead."

"Unless, noble coiffeur, our worthy inventor of gentleman-like and pleasing decapitation, Sieur Guillotin, should enjoin it upon M. Jourdain, before he 'restores the body to its friends,' as part of his avocation, to powder and pomatum the heads, to make them respectable—"

"And that Jourdain and you should have a *bowing* acquaintance."

"Nay, even if we should, my little barber, this day must pass before Guillotin himself would recommend your further assistance. Surely my head is buckled already tight enough, to stand firm for four-and-twenty hours, even if the tender mercies of '*le medecin*' were exercised upon it in the meantime." And, so saying, he jingled his spurs against the floor, and lay back in the chair under the twists and grimaces of M. Jacquard, chaunting the then popular air—

Guillotin,
 Medecin,
 Politique,
 Imagine, un beau matin,
 Que pendre est inhumain
 Et peu patriotique;
 Aussitôt
 Il lui fait
 Une supplice
 Qui sans corde ni poteau,
 Supprime du bourreau
 L'Office.

Le Romain
 Guillotin,
 Qui s'apprête,
 Consulte gens du métier—
 Barnave et Chapelier,
 Même coupe-tête:—
 Et sa main
 Fait soudain
 La machine,
 Que "simplement" nous tuera,
 Et que l'on nommera
 GUILLOTIN!*

"Sung like a swan!" cried the coiffeur in an ecstasy, as he concluded. "And now, we have only to tie the *queue*, to complete the performance. But we must have a ribbon—*what colour, Monsieur?*" he added, with a sly grimace—"particoloured, or uniform, white or black?"

For a reply, the guardsman only hummed the two first bars of the air, "*O Richard, O mon roi, l'univers t'abandonne!*" and the little coiffeur needed no further direction. He looked for a moment into a drawer, and, not finding a piece of black ribbon, slid hastily to the little door, and called up stairs—"Jeannette! Jeannette! vite! a yard of black ribbon! Thou wilt find it in the *bureau!*" A hasty step was heard overhead, and the next moment a light step descending the narrow stairs.

"Now, then," cried the barber, as he hastily shut the little door upon a pretty face which peeped blushing forth for the instant. "Now, to finish thee, *M. le capitaine*—but, what have we here? why, this string is united with some device. *Ne m'oubliez pas! Diantre!* but this girl must go to the Ursulines!"

"Come, come!" exclaimed the cavalier, laughing, "thou hast no remedy; unless, indeed, thou sufferest the fair sempstress to come down, and rip the letters out herself."

"No, no," replied the little hairdresser, with an anxious shrug—"I am bound to time, and must use it as it is. There, behold thyself. *Frisé d'ur a palace!*"

One look in the mirror seemed sufficient; and the young *garde du corps*, as he was casting off the flimsy but huge envelope which stood out from his accoutrements in points and angles giving him the appearance of an overgrown skeleton, threw his eyes up at the church clock opposite. "*Mille tonnerres!*" he cried, emphasizing his words with a clash of his sword on the floor—"mon *barbier*, you are full two full minutes by your own clock beyond the quarter—and, by St. Louis," he continued, casting down a franc and seizing up his hat—there's my horse looking as if he knew it!"

True enough, the caparisoned animal, which had stood at the door with that subdued and disciplined air which the military *manège* imparts to the most fiery charger, never having even drawn the rein to its stretch in the staple, suddenly turned his head down the street in the direction of Paris, his ears erect, his eyes glaring, his nostrils dilated. A low and hoarse neigh at the same time broke from him—and the next moment he had turned, snapped his rein with a jerk, and was galloping at full speed along the rough-paven *chaussée* in the direction of Versailles.

Many of the inhabitants, from shop doors and the street, ran to endeavour to stop his progress—but, as is usually the case, the value of these volunteers seemed to ebb away at the very moment when their services might have been most useful; and having made a great parade of standing across the whole way like the colossus, and shouted in so fearful a manner as to alarm themselves, they one by one gave way to the careering animal, and made a lane for him to pass, having accomplished the urging of his terror into madness, and now prolonging and strengthening it by following in a body at his heels, shouting like a pack of furies behind him.

At last, however, the charger was brought, panting, trem-

* The reader who is intimately acquainted with the history of the period, will detect, and must be requested to pardon, the slight anachronism committed in the introduction of this song.

bling, and foaming, to a stand-still—but as he stood, held by many now valiant hands, his head was still turned with all the steadiness of fearful attention down the street, as if the object of his original alarm yet held the predominant place before the eye of his senses.

Breathless, too, with the weight of his cumbrous accoutrements, the soldier took him from their hands, and, patting him on his foam-stained neck, endeavoured to lead him back to the barber's door; but this he found beyond his power—no words of soothing persuasion or of command, could prevail on the animal to advance a step in that direction—on the contrary, he made frequent attempts, trembling as he was, to bolt again from his master's hands, and resume his flight towards Versailles.

At length the cavalier, observing these strange symptoms of terror, and not being able to see along the whole line of street or road any object of alarm to account for them, continuing all the time to hold his charger tight by the head-stall, raised his hand, to signify to the people about that he wished to listen; and they, understanding him, and partaking of the same curiosity, became instantaneously silent, and turned their heads in the direction of the wind, which blew that morning, as has been observed, freshly from the eastward. They all stood a moment or two so motionless, that the soldier heard the pulses of his horse's heart beating quick and full at his shoulder, and even the ticking of the great church clock a little further down the street, opposite the barber's shop;—and then—so faint, that it seemed almost to form part of the breeze that bore it—he nevertheless distinctly heard a shout, wild and high, in a key pitched far above that of an ordinary multitude, and resembling the shriek of thousands of unearthly spirits. The horse shuddered to his hoofs—and the next instant the cavalier was in his saddle, the rowels of his spurs deep in the flank of his charger, which, indeed, did not want this stimulus to plunge forward with mad rapidity in the direction of Versailles, striking fire with his heels from the uneven pavement of the street, and casting his own housings and the sword of his rider wide and wildly from side to side as he flew.

"Alas!" cried little Jeannette Jacquard, who had ventured in spite of the parental admonition, to re-open the *jalousies* and watch for a glance from the handsome cavalier on his leaving the door—"if steeds understood the mischief they do when they hurry off *gardes du corps* with this cruel haste, they would—they would—claim livery from *le bon père* for their services!"

Let us precede that faint but ominous sound in the direction of its course, and, like the seaman leaning over the bow of some onward vessel, gaze still out upon the untouched and untroubled placidity which must so soon be ploughed into by the advance of the mighty intruder.

It is high noon. The great kitchen of the farm-house of Jardis is beginning to fill with savoury odours and hale and happy faces, and the crackling of the mighty *buche* of beech-wood from its bed of ashes under the ample chimney-breast, gives additional evidence of extensive culinary preparations, which receives yet further confirmation from the steam which ascends as well from a vessel above it, as from various *four-neurs* on each side. A long walnut table is already spread with a snow-white cloth; and napkins, a luxury inseparable from the humblest French dinner arrangements, are thrust into bone rings, and laid in rows down each side of the table. Upon it are to be seen sundry long and taper black bottles, huge primitive salt-cellars, and uncouth cut-glass shaped black knives, boasting neither polish nor edge, and apparently designed more as a substitute for spoons and forks, than to divide or disjoint the mid-day meal. The apartment is of spacious dimensions, and the end of it opposite the chimney is open across nearly its whole breadth, connecting it with another and smaller room, of an inferior style of decoration, into which the table extends for some distance. Around the walls are massive walnut presses, three of them, which are open, presenting heaps of linen piled and folded on every shelf, in such abundance as the lavish use of a large house, and a half-yearly washing, can alone suffice to account for. Numberless articles of culinary use, intermixed with farming and gardening implements furnish the walls, and a mirror or two lend their enlivening aid to the adornment of the chamber. The tiled floor grits with fresh strewn sand, and a *pendule* of some pretension points cheerfully with its tiny finger to the anxiously expected hour of dinner.

"*Tu es le bienvenu, Edouard!*" exclaimed the motherly Madame Mazlaire to a youth, who appeared at that instant in the entry, doffing his broad-leaved felt hat, and casting the monstrous *sabots* off his slippered feet inside the door-way. "We scarcely thought the horses would have been all in from the pond before *bouilli* was under the knives of the labourers at the bottom of the table. Thou art the last, *mon fils*, we looked for—and now, Adèle, *depêche toi, ma bonne*, and pour the soup into the tureen."

"And why shouldst thou have waited for me, mother?" exclaimed the youth, sullenly. "It cramps all freedom to be thus tied to the table-cloth, or forced into a ring like a napkin, for family use. France understands by this time that her youth should think, speak—aye, and act for themselves—and spurn the equally miserable thralldom of the petticoat, the tyrant, and the *ancien régime.*"

"*Eh bien Edouard!* perhaps the good old times were not worse than these after all—when boys were boys till after they were men, and when we went to the palace in our holiday attire to witness the *grands eaux*, instead of marching off full of frowns and importance, to *rendezvous* in the *place d'armes*—"

"To hear the glorious news—which we never heard from our fathers, mothers, or king, that we are men—and Frenchmen!"

"Well, well," sighed the good-humoured Madame Mazlaire, with as much of melancholy as was consistent with the consoling thought.—"We are not the people to complain, now-a-days. Paris, alas! is starving—but then, look at the price of a sheep—a sack of grain—our very vegetables! It is our turn to make a little money and we should bless *le bon Dieu* for all. But we know, my son," she continued, turning to the rest of her family and the labourers of the farm, who were listening to this discourse with various feelings of emotion which she did not see—"we know, Edouard, why it is that thou hast so shocked our regularity of late. It is not

altogether the affairs of the nation, believe me, *bonnes gens*, that occupies our young patriot. There is a bit of porcelain at Sevres," she continued, laughing, as she saw the young man's brow growing crimson—"which, Methinks"—

"Peace, peace, *bavarde!*" cried he, savagely, at the same time approaching the door, as if to evade observation—"thou art grown old and foolish. Let us have the *soupe!*"

"Ah, Edouard, beware of the *gardes du corps!* if not for thy life, at least for thy heart! I thought I saw Jeannette speaking with her eyes to one—not the most ill-favoured amongst them—at the *fête* t'other evening."

The young man, who, while his mother was speaking, had turned with his face towards the outside of the door, instead of making any reply to this attack, bent forward, and held his finger up, as if to those within to be silent, and stood in that attitude for a few seconds—then animated by some sudden impulse, he thrust his feet into his sabots, seized his broad hat, and darted out of the door in an instant.

The fleetest of those who rose to the entry, to discover whither he had fled, and the cause of his hasty disappearance, were only in time to discern his form flying down the miry lane in the direction of Versailles, and to note that he had some weapon or implement in his hand, of considerable length; and then, as they paused simultaneously in listening attitudes, there came upon the ears of all, distinctly—making each turn his eyes meaningly on the faces of the others—a sound, shrill and piercing as that of a child in pain, yet loud and lengthened enough to have been raised from the united throats of thousands.

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The gardens of the Trianon!—who that has not been a privileged and habitual visitor there, can adequately picture to himself the enchanting delights of those fairy retreats? In which, amidst the spacious glens and sweeping hills and wide-spreading woods of nature, art has with a genius almost divine constructed almost an Eden, and added the choicest fabrications of her skill to the already enchanting realities she found there. Could he who wanders ever so often amidst their now half-desecrated and devastated solitudes, realize to himself the elysium of these groves, when beauty, wit, and royalty were their sole and unquestioned possessors—and beings swept, as with the feet of angels, the velvet carpeting which was too soft and luxurious for the tread of ordinary mortals? Could he wave back upon the silent mirror of the imagination the scene so hallowed to the memory, and people it with those actors who were brilliant and beautiful in their lives in proportion to the darkness of their fate? Alas! and alas! should he look, the mirror, like one of the tranquil pools in those very gardens, must soon resign the delusive reflection, and his eye pierce to the hard and stony reality beneath! But if there be one who could accomplish so much, still he who could command an adequate resuscitation of the romance and the magic to which those days were witness, with all his imagination, and all his enthusiasm, must fail to realize the presence of the fairy being who kindled the one and created the other; that "delightful vision," which decorated and cheered the elevated sphere in which she moved—"glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy."

It was in a shadowed avenue in these delightful gardens, near the entrance of a deep grotto, that the personage alluded to above stood, a little later on the same day, with one hand leaned upon a rustic seat from which she had just risen, and the other raised towards the sky, to which her eyes were turned, as if she had been noting the aspect of the weather. Her tall and commanding form was shown to perfection by the entanglement of her dress with the rude frame-work of the seat, as well as by the upward turn of her head and arm—and she seemed to vie, in costume as well as attitude, with those nymphs of marble, which were cast into every posture of beauty and grace upon their pedestals beneath the trees around her. Her hat, in shape resembling that of a simple peasant, had fallen back from her head, and, as it hung by the ribbons upon her shoulders, revealed a profusion of flaxen tresses, poured, like showers of sunshine over her faultless brow, throat, and bosom. The features, though the Austrian lip and high nose imparted to them an "inconceivable air of dignity," were yet more remarkable for their joyous spirituality of expression—albeit now a certain languor seemed to hang about them, and deepen them to a tone in keeping with the shade of the lofty elms which bent over her head, and the sombre clouds of the approaching evening. Advanced beyond the girlish bloom which the enthusiastic eloquence of Burke has immortalized in the imaginations of us all, she yet retained the elasticity and easy grace of her earlier youth, and seemed to have arrived but at the perfection of full womanhood.

She spoke—for she was not alone. Beside her, the only person near, stood, bent in an attitude of deferential attention—the noble Luzerne, waiting the decision of his queen, whether to loiter longer in the grottoes, which at that delicious season of the year formed the habitual rendezvous of the royal party from an early hour to the close of the day—or, warned by the aspect of the sky overhead, to betake herself to the palace, where her husband, the gentle and amiable Louis, was wont to unbend from his usual reserve, and, worked upon by the spell of his fascinating consort to admit a license and a gaiety to which his natural disposition and his principles were in some slight degree repugnant.

"Luzerne, the evening looks lowering—yon clouds bode an earlier termination to our concert than usual—under the canopy of heaven and these elms, at least. Let the band of musicians leave yonder *bosquet*, and be in waiting in the *salle d'orchestre*. We long for our poor old instructor, Gluck's, 'Orfeo,' and the company are well rehearsed in it. Ah, Luzerne, the eloquent complainings of that martyr of melody, bereaved of his only love—*Che faro senza Euridice?*—urge more and more powerfully on us the sweet necessity of feeling, and disgust us not only with the malignity and injustice of our enemies, but with the cold and numbing heartlessness of those who profess to regard us most."

"Madame! we turn from the poet's and the composer's

* It is scarcely doubtful that Marie Antoinette, though wrongly aspersed by the calumnies of her enemies, had been disappointed and chagrined at the apathetic temper of Louis. Glowing and sanguine herself, with far more of the Italian than the German in her disposition, the double restraint of formality and indifference was too much for her, and occasionally drove her to a recklessness and a license capable of being gravely misconstrued. But, once torn from luxury and privacy to suffering and outrage—once called upon to comfort, sustain, support, and cherish—and conjugal devotion mounted the throne of her heart, to hold a sway coeval with its existence.

rhapsodies to the theme of their inspiration, and learn to glow for ourselves."

"Cease, cease, gentle Luzerne! thou art ever too ready to seize on the sense which I meant not, and follow it up with what I should not—ought not—seek not, to hear."

"But, madame—"

"Disappointed in my inmost feelings, I yet love these exquisite forms and hues and perfumes of nature, and the tranquility of her fields and bowers, better than the homage of those—even yours, Luzerne—who seek to flatter me. Oh! it is the power of enjoyment unmolested I pant for—to only be allowed the happy heart, and the blessed rest for which all sigh—which the *sontags-kinder* of the earth do occasionally attain—and which surely might be accorded at least to the mistress of a mighty kingdom!"

As Marie Antoinette uttered these words, she cast down her beauteous eyes, and to the long silken fringe of each there started one tremulous diamond, which seemed to be exhaled again under the glow of her cheek, into which the tinge of a momentary indignation had mounted.

The graceful courtier took her hand respectfully, and as he did, he felt it tremble in his.

"My queen!" he said, in a low voice, "thou art right; I abhor, because I cannot command myself—enough ought it to be for thy subjects to make the world a paradise for thy sacred rest, without daring to do more than hover in respectful diffidence around its farthest confines:—why should we enter, even in the hesitating eagerness of a too engrossing admiration, within its hallowed precincts, and violate the sanctity of the shrine by the offering of our hearts and lives!"

She looked up, and took her hand from his—there was an exulting smile on her lip, even as she drew a step backward, which told that what she had heard and what she must not listen to, was yet not the less sweet because it was dangerous to hear; she sighed again, and looked into the face of her subject without speaking;—and then, without taking her eyes off his, or moving a finger, the smile gradually left her countenance, the colour faded from it as the tints of evening from the Alpine summit—and like it, the cheek of the princess became colourless as snow. At the same instant, too, the courtier's countenance darkened with a lurid glow, and he put his hand to the hilt of his sword. That cry—the shrill, piercing, ominous, and multitudinous cry, which had come thus far forward on its course of devastation, had entered—faint and afar, but unmistakably, at the same instant, into the ears of both.

Ere they had time to say a word, a page approached, and kneeling, hurriedly placed a folded paper in the queen's hand. She tore it open. It was from the Comte de St. Priest, urging her to return to the palace.

"The king! the king! where is he?" exclaimed the terrified queen, seizing Luzerne's arm, and looking at the page, pale as death.

"At Meudon," cried he. "M. de Cubières had already plunged his spurs in his horse's flanks to have his majesty back to Versailles, ere I was despatched to my royal mistress."

"Let us hurry back," cried she, almost dragging Luzerne along. "God send the king safe!"

More than half a century hath rolled by, since the memorable night which followed that evening:—but not the washing of a thousand winters, the unremitted labours of ingenuity, employed during that time to extenuate, account for, justify, or palliate its horrors, will ever avail to obliterate from the annals of national disgrace, the crimson stain left upon the name of France, by the deeds it witnessed. There it must remain, engrained into its very essence, affronting the eye of God and man from generation to generation, fresh, fierce, and frightful, as when it first gushed upon it from the wine-press of human depravity—and mock, as with a gory hand, the trophies of all subsequent triumphs.

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The night—more than half of the next day is past—that day, which, in the words of the already quoted writer, "seemed to blot the sun of heaven."—We are in Sevres again.

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God! how the mighty mass roars! The broad way foaming with the human flood, which dashes its billows against every projecting angle and pier, up which they mount, until windows, and posts, and doors, and roofs are covered with the animated spray, flung from the boiling mass below! And, in the fearful whirl of the torrent, eddies of fiercer conflict there are—and man and man, and woman and woman, in the agony of excitement and intolerable pressure, seize madly on each other, and wrench themselves room by the very struggles of their despair—thousands and thousands of beings, crimson with passion and inebriation and blood, seem to lose in the general intoxication their sole and distinctive identity—and from being individually maniacs and demons, become fused into one mighty animal, possessing in thousand-fold intensity the fierceness of its component parts, and forming a Titanic impersonation of Madness, animated with one demoniac soul—and nerved with one devastating arm.

Above this surging sea, the tower of the church of Sevres stood, tall and grim, like the watcher over the bed of heliurium—and up its massive dial the slow hand stole calmly, and the pulse of time beat steadily in its stony breast—and the ponderous clock and the massive tower of the temple of God were there, like time and eternity, the one visible upon the face of the other, and frowning together unheeded wisdom upon the frenzy of mortals.

Could the purple and distorted raving of that infuriate mass once again subside into humanity! Could the beings who were fused into that molten sea, ever cool and crystallize down into distinct individuals, and return to the ordinary occupations and avocations of life—to trades, families, churches? none who came within the glow of that lava-flood of crime, could have hoped, or feared, that of it society should hereafter be re-composed. The multitude seemed finally and for ever merged into one great madness, as if human nature had been resolved into its elements, discharged of every better principle, and re-combined in the proportions most deadly and most formidable, so that hope itself could scarce promise more than that it might exhaust itself at last, and lie extinct in sullen inaction. And from the foaming lips of women, scarlet with

* The next day, the Comte de la Luzerne proved himself at least sincere in his devotion to his queen, by placing himself between her person and the infuriated mob, at a time when it was expected that they would have fired at her. This fact is stated even by the revolutionary writers.

the inebriation of crime, and hideous as the grim visages which dart from the darkness of the smithy into the sudden day, smitten out of the iron by the hammer's hand, rise shrieks and shouts, in which the blasphemy is choked by the very intensity of its paroxysm, and the curse of each throat is roared into impotence by the thousand confused and conflicting maledictions which rush to the clouds along with it—till the single execrations of fiendish malignity the concentrated power rushes aloft in one hideous yell—only the more frightful, from being wordless, tuneless, and infatuate.

Amongst the few panic-struck individuals who watched from nooks and corners the gradual approach and flooding of the street with this frenzied throng, Jeannette Jacquard had posted herself at a corner of the *jalousie* of her window, which she had now of her own accord closely shut—and thence observed, with pale cheek and sinking heart, its passage by. Vague fears had hung about her all the morning—events were evidently in hot progress. The butchers of Paris, a gory throng, had passed like a nightmare in the darkness towards Versailles—and the continuous tramp of the national guard had followed, hour after hour, in the same direction—the discharge of ordnance had once or twice come upon the ear from that quarter—and now the advanced guard of the insurgents were on their return. Oh, with what success? what had been the royal defence? who had interposed their lives between majesty and outrage?—The tender girl could not bear to allow her imagination further rein, where the subject touched her heart so nearly, but bent all her energies to discover by what was passing some clue to the history of the preceding night and that morning. The good barber, like the rest of the trades-people, with the exception of the proprietors of a few cabarets and provision shops, had shut his shutters close and taken down his sign, so as that he might be passed as unnoticed as possible by this inflamed and degraded rabble. He had himself retired into his back-shop, and it was from the window above that his pretty daughter now peeped fearfully out upon the sea of heads rolling beneath her.

"Ah, how they press on! so fierce and impatient, that they choke the passage, and retard themselves! See! there is a wretched woman, who would extricate herself from the press—she bears a child in her arms! a drunken smith wields his hammer beside her, and the heavy head swings close past the forehead of the infant. Oh! will they not hold down his hands for the mercy of heaven! And see! she has seized him by the waist, and supplicates him, and he cannot wring himself away, but places his black hand upon her forehead, and crushes her down into the crowd. Where is the child! They are borne on by a rush from behind, and I see them no more!"

"A heap of women cast upon some carriage!—a heavy cart—no—a cannon—without horses, without men, to draw it; it moves on in the press, borne by the weight of thousands. Torn and dishevelled wretches! are they indeed women? They cry, and toss their arms aloft, some of them bloody with wounds, others stupified with fatigue, excitement, and intoxication. Aye, some have been hurt—and, see, there are more, covered with blood, and they bear a senseless wretch on their shoulders—yet shouting—shouting again, and yelling with frantic laughter. Oh, have the gallant guards had to contend with all these? What is the blood that flows? Not drawn by their hands, surely! They would not draw sword on these wretched creatures—but, what would not *these* do to them? Oh, De Varicourt! thou wouldst stand to be torn to pieces by them, ere thou wouldst use violence towards the vilest amongst them!"

"Whose is yon grey head, and black gown, I see issuing from the church? Surely, surely, it is not our abbé, dragged out amongst them! And now he struggles in the midst, and holds his hands aloft, as if in exhortation and warning. Yes, yes, it is the holy man! come forth in the strength of his God, to preach peace to the tempest. May the Virgin be thy speed, reverend father, and grant thee strength, if thou canst not prevail with them, at least to escape unscathed from amongst them! See, he points aloft, and then up the street, with anger and indignation on his pale visage—and they answer him with a shout of derision, and point up the street too: and, ah! from the windows, and roofs, I see pale faces straining in the same direction. What is it? I will open the *croisées* a little more, and—ah! here comes something—and the shouts and screams redouble, and the crushed mass dances before it. What are they? Things formless and filthy, on poles, dashed from side to side, and tossed like the masts of a vessel on an angry sea. They are flesh, and—God! can it be!—No—no. What hideous things! And a red stream runs into the hands of the holders. I must draw back—turn away—sick, sick."

The procession advanced until that part of it most dense and violent, in the midst of which the two poles were carried, had just approached M. Jacquard's door—when one of the most furious of the women, glancing up to where the name and occupation of the worthy tradesman were set forth, screamed at the full pitch of her voice—

"Jacquard, coiffeur—coiffez les, citoyennes!"

In an instant, the whole multitude yelled in frantic chorus—"coiffez les! coiffez les!" and those nearest to the door began to batter it with sticks, gunstocks, and stones—while the idea, repeated out in wider circles and caught successively by new ears, drew forth peal after peal of demoniac laughter, and caused redoubled efforts on the part of those next the door to effect an entrance.

The first knock at his shutter had nailed the little hair-dresser to his chair in the back shop. There he sat, nerveless and wordless, as he heard the reiterated blows and incoherent shouts, in which, however, he could dimly distinguish his own name, and some allusion to his trade. Fiercer and fiercer grew the assault upon his premises, and wilder and more furious the cries of the besiegers—yet did he never stir from his position, or even look forth in the direction of the entrance.

At length, a blow, as from the sledge-hammer of a smith, burst in bolt and lock and bar, and admitted the foremost of those without so suddenly, that they were cast upon the floor of the shop, and trodden upon by those behind them—while the sound that had been in some measure subdued by the intervening door, rushed in, now that that obstacle was removed, and seemed in the terrified barber's ears like the sudden and tri-

* The above description is abridged and *moderated* from the account of the scene given in the *Memoirs of Lavalette*. Well might Madame Campan exclaim, "*Quel cortege, grand Dieu!*"